THE

Theatrical Observer;

AND

Daily Bills of the Play.

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."—*Othello.*

No. 4424. *Saturday, Feb.* 20, 1836. *Price* 1*d.*

"The Play's the thing!"—Ask for *Thomas's Observer.*

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

A Musical Entertainment of entirely novel character was given at thisTheatre last night, being no less than an attempt to exhibit the art of music in its infant state, with its gradual progress towards the perfection it has now reached. To effect this, we had first a Pythic ode, as sung at the Pythic Games, 2500 years ago, this was followed by several specimens of church music, a song of the French Troubadours, and morceaux of the various schools of the most celebrated masters, native and foreign, presented in a chronological order, and forming a practical illustration of the History of Music. Mr. Bochsa was the man who undertook this bold and interesting task,and we give him great credit for the skill with which he has completed it; most of his selections were excellent, and in the vocal and instrumental department, the music was ably executed. The principal vocalists were Madame Caradori Allan, and Miss Shirreff. Messrs. Braham, Phillips, Giubelei, and Balfe, the latter bids fair to be as popular a singer as he is a composer. One of the greatest treats of the night was a Sonata by Correlli, beautifully played by Lindley and Dragonetti, it was rapturously encored.

There was also a MiscellaneousAct, in which there were several choice morceaux, and the entire entertainment, formed a great treat to the lovers of music. The house was not so full as on the 30th of January, but we should hope it was a profitable one. We omitted to mention yesterday that onThursday night, between the acts of the Tragedy, a man stood up in the pit, and cried out, "I proclaim John Torrens, the son of Colonel Torrens, a scoundrel and a coward!" The cause of this extraordinary proceeding we know not, but it excited great astonishment.

ADELPHI.—The lessees had provided last night a Lenten Entertainment, which for variety and talent was equal to anything hitherto given on such an occasion. It commenced with the Gallery of Shakspeare; followed by a Monopologue, by Buckstone, called *Widow Wiggins*, in which Mrs. Fitzwilliam displayed great versatility of talent, and Webster's *Wallet of Whims and Waggeries*, in which that clever comedian shewed himself not unworthy to wear the mantle of Mathews. *Tableaux Vivans*, Magian Arts, Fairy Dreams, &c. made a capital bill of fare.

We copy the following from a respectable Morning Journal: A murder has recently been committed by a Sovereign Prince of

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Germany, whose name for the present we will not divulge. A mechanic employed about a Theatre, one of the actresses of which lives on an intimate footing with the Prince in question, having made his appearance on the stage to do some work at a time when the Prince wished no one to be admitted, he drew his sabre and killed him. Although the fact is well known, no German paper dare allude to it."

Five hundred French theatrical works have just been sent, by order of the Sultan, to the library of the Seraglio, at Constantinople.

The last time, says *The Quarterly Review,* Madame Pasta was in England, a literary lady of high rank, asked her whether she drank as much *porter* as usual! to which the Lyric Queen replied "*No cara mia prendo half and half.*"

Fashionable Lounges.

To the Editor of the Theatrical Observer.

DEAR MR. EDITOR, I address you from that favorite resort of play-goers, OFFLEY'S, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, where in addition to hearing some excellent singing, I am sure to meet with choice society—intend nightly to repeat my visit, for *entre nous*, there is no house where my wants are so *expeditiously* attended to, as here.—but I intrude—pray excuse me—just wish to say a word—beg pardon, I have to mention, that i've arranged so as to rub shoulders with my friends, and the fashionable world, at one or other of the *Grand Lounges* about town.

On Monday drop't into *The Western Exchange Bazaar*, 10, Old Bond Street, with Mrs. P. and my daughters—noticed as I am by the Royal Family, the nobility and gentry, must, like them, encourage this emporium of fashion, taste, and economy.—I mostly pop in by the private entrance, No.14 Burlington Arcade.

First thing after my return on Monday, reload my *Palmer's Pocket Toilet* ready for my Saturday's trip—advise all *gallant friends* to call on *mio amico* in the Italian Opera Arcade, and view his *new Toilette for the ladies*—grand pet with prim Aunt Paulina, vows = "her first love and her last!"

Tuesday, had a delightful treat Mr. Editor at that fashionable resort the *Queen's Bazaar*, Oxford Street, quite astonished at the beauty of the Pass of Briancon, &c. after which viewed the unrivalled performances of Natural Magic of M.Falck, from Konisberg—quite electrified me!--hopeyou'll go?--Ad.1s.

Wednesday, attended a large party of fashionables to MADAME TUSSAUD'S interesting Exhibition, Golden Corinthian Saloon Baker Street, Portman Square—saw correct likenesses of Sir Robert Peel, Lord John Russell, Talleyrand, Hume, &c., and a representation of the diabolical *Fieschi, and the Infernal Machine.*

Met my fashionable friend Lord H—knew him by the elegant cut and quality of his hat, one of PERRING'S best at a Guinea; not to be equalled; popp'd into his Shop, 85, Strand, purchased one for myself and all the little P's—famous for lightness, cheapness and durability.

Had a delightful morning lounge with Mrs. P. at Kendalls' Civet Cat, Strand, stocked my drawing-room with bijouterie—my dressing-room with perfumery, &c and presented Mrs. P. with a beautiful toilet and work box, and returned home loaded with fancy articles as presents for my country cousins.

Tried London all over, and find the best place to dine is at EVANS'S, (late JOY'S) Piazza, Covent Garden, *Convivial Ordinary*, ready every day at 6 o'clock precisely—capital fare Mr. Editor, soups, joints, poultry, tarts, &c. and only 3s.!—delighted with the songs, glees, and Mr. Charles Sloman's extemporaneous singing.

On Friday, I examine *Miss Lindwood's* curious Needle-Work, in Leicester square—just added other beautiful specimens of her art.

Every evening, after Theatre, call in at BRETT'S for a bottle of his *Improved* Patent Brandy.—Never like servants to know that I pay only 3s. 6d. a bottle for "the best Brandy in the world!" BRETT keeps *all sorts of choice Spirits* thus nicely bottled and papered, ready to pop into one's pockets—but mark well Mr. Editor, No. 109, Drury Lane, is near Clare Court, and the name is H. BRETT.

"Why," said Count D'O—, at the Theatre the other night, "is *Robert Warren's Blacking* like the enchanting Vestris?" "Because its brilliancy never fades, it's polish is complete, and its fame will last while there is a *last* in Europe!—Isn't that a good one?—but I intrude beg pardon—Your's &c. PAUL PRY.

Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

This Evening, the admired Opera of

Guy Mannering:

Or, the Gypsey's Prophecy.

The Music by Messrs. BISHOP, BLEWITT, RODWELL, and BRAHAM.

Henry Bertram, Mr. COLLINS, who will introduce "*The King, God bless him,*" (Braham) and "*Scots wha' hae wi' Wallace bled.*"

Colonel Mannering, Mr PRITCHARD, Gabriel, Mr MORLEY
Dominie Sampson, Mr TILBURY, Gilbert Glossin, Mr ROGERS,
Bailie Mucklethrift, Mr W. H. WILLIAMS,
Dirk Hatteraick, Mr C. HILL,
Dandie Dinmont, Mr RAYNER, *First Appearance these 9 Years*
Serjeant M'Crae, Mr BENDER,
Sebastian, Mr HARRIS, Franco, Miss LANE,
Jock Jabos, Mr COLLETT, Flail, Mr BANNISTER,
Harrow, Mr HUCKLE, Barnes, Mr BECKETT,
Julia Mannering, Miss ROMER,
Who will introduce
"*Young May is coming,*" (BLEWITT) and "*Saw you aught of my Love?*" (LODER)
Lucy Bertram, Miss TURPIN,—in which character she will sing "*The Banks of Annandale,*" (RODWELL) and "*Oh! rest thee Babe.*"
Flora, Miss WYNDHAM, Meg Merrilies, Mrs W. WEST,
Mrs M'Candlish, Mrs BATTERSBY, Gypsey Girl, Miss LAND.

To conclude with, (10th time) a new Operatic Romance, called

QUASIMODO:

Or, the Gypsey Girl of Notre Dame.

With the whole of the Scenery entirely new, assisted by extensive Machinery, and interspersed with National Dances, Processions, &c.

The Drama founded on the celebrated Victor Hugo's Romance of "NOTRE DAME."

Claude Frollo, (Archdeacon of Notre Dame) Mr G. BENNETT,
Gringoire, (a Poet) Mr VALE,
Phœbus de Chateaupers, Captain of the King's Archers Mr COLLINS
Ernest, (his Friend) Mr MANVERS,
Clopin, (the King of the Beggars) Mr MORLEY,
Quasimodo, (the Bell Ringer of Notre Dame) Mr H. WALLACK,
The Grand Provost, Mr THOMPSON,
Esmeralda, (the Gypsey Girl) Miss ROMER,
Madame Gondelaurier, ... Mrs GRIFFITH,
Fleur de Lys, (her Niece) Miss WRIGHTEN,
Mahiette,.....(a Citizen's Wife).....Miss WYNDHAM,
Oudarde, (her Cousin) Miss PARTRIDGE,
Gudule,.....(a Mad Recluse).....Mrs W. WEST,
Julie, (the Gypsey Belle) Mrs BATTERSBY.

Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

This Evening, (6th time) a new Tragedy, entitled The

Provost of Bruges.

Bertulphe, (Provost of Bruges) Mr MACREADY,
Bouchard, (his Son-in-Law) Mr COOPER,
Thancmar, (Chatelain of Bourbourg) Mr WARDE,
Charles, (Earl of Flanders) Mr DIDDEAR,
Gautier, MrMATHEWS, St.Prieux, MrBRINDAL,
Hebert, Mr KING, Hackel, Mr DURUSET,
Albert, Mr F. COOKE,
Charente, (Secretary of Bertulphe) Mr BAKER,
Philippe, Mr MEADOWS,
Antoine, (a Citizen) Mr TURNOUR,
Servant, Mr HOWELL. Page, Mr HONNER,
Dennis, (a Serf) Mr W. H. PAYNE,
Seneschal, Mr HUGHES,
1st Citizen, MrHENRY, 2nd Ditto, MrYARNOLD,
3rd Ditto, Mr TAYLEURE,
4th Ditto, ... Mr T. MATTHEWS,
Messengers, Messrs. FENTON and MEARS,
Constance, (Daughter of Burtulphe) Miss E. TREE,
Ursula, Mrs VINING.

To conclude with, (71st time) a new Drama, called

THE JEWESS.

The Emperor Sigismund.....Mr KING,
Cardinal de Brogny, Mr WARDE,
Prince Leopold, MrCOOPER, Albert, MrHENRY,
Duke de Liegnitz, Mr BRINDAL,
Grand Provost ..... Mr GIUBELEI,
Bishop of Constance, Mr BEDFORD,
Eleazar....(a Goldsmith)....Mr VANDENHOFF,
The Princess Eudocia, Mrs VINING,
Rachel, (the Jewess) Miss ELLEN TREE.

On Monday, The Provost of Bruges, and The Bronze Horse.

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